1458

The Wishing Stone

A PLAY FOR JUNIORS

by

A. M. H. Burrows

Author of

Princess Merry Heart

and The Light Fairies

SUGGESTIONS.

1. This play may be lengthened by the addition of more games at the parties, and more wishes in act III. Any simple hymn in which spiritual gifts are asked for may be used as a wish.

2. The scholarships named are those of the Juniors of Western New York. They may be omitted, and the story of other work substituted. When used, each scholarship may be illustrated by a procession, in costume, from the school mentioned, passing slowly across the front of the stage with music.

Copies of the play may be obtained at 25 cents each (five copies for $1.00,) from Mrs. G. S. Burrows, ~~229 Goundry street, North Tonawanda,~~ 60 Park Place, New York.

Geneva, ———

1916

The Wishing Stone

By ANGIE M. H. BURROWS

Characters

Mother
Miss Grace
Ellen
Ruth
Lizzie
Edna
Alice
Susie
Elsie
Older Sisters, —Louise, Rose and Esther.
Fairy Godmother
Dream Fairy
Missionary Nurse
Missionary Teacher
Missionary Deaconess
Chinese Girl
Slaves from India
Japanese Girl
Other Girls at the Parties.

ACT 1.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

(Children at party, finishing their ice-cream and cake.)

LIZZIE:—I think this has been a perfectly lovely party.

ELLEN:—I'm glad you like it.

EDNA:—I'm going to have a party when my birthday comes.

RUTH:—When does it come.

EDNA:—The thirtieth of June.

ELSIE:—Are you going to have ice-cream at your party?

EDNA:—Of course. And mother says I can have three kinds of cake at my party.

CHILDREN:—Oh, my!

EDNA:—And I'm going to have more girls at my party.

ALICE:—Mother says I can have a party next year. I can't have ice-cream, but Father makes sugar, and mother says we can have maple sugar on snow.

CHILDREN:—Oh, how nice!

(Enter Mother)

MOTHER:—Was the ice-cream good, children?

CHILDREN:—Yes, ma'am.

RUTH:—The best I ever ate.

SUSIE:—I never had any sliced ice-cream before.

LIZZIE:—It's been a lovely party.

ELSIE:—The party's all over now, 'cause the ice-cream's all gone, and the cake's all gone.

OLDER CHILDREN:—Sh—

MOTHER:—No, it isn't quite over. Ellen's fairy Godmother is coming to bring her a gift.

LIZZIE:—The fairy Godmother? Oh, Mrs. Mason, may we stay and see her?

MOTHER:—Yes, indeed.

CHILDREN:—Oh, goody!

LIZZIE:—I never saw a fairy Godmother.

(Enter Fairy Godmother. Children Rise)

F. G.:—Well, here's your chance, for here she is. Where's my girl Ellen?

ELLEN:—Here I am, Godmother.

F. G.:—You're Ellen, are you? Well, Ellen, you're getting to be a pretty big girl, and it's time you had a little responsibility. So I've brought you a little present.

(Takes wishing-stone From Bag.)

F: G.:—

Take this stone and guard it well.
All it's value, who can tell?
Wish and touch it, each of you.
Then will every wish come true;
But what you wish for, give good heed,
Or sorry you will be indeed.
You who to happiness aspire
Must start your lives with right desire.

ELLEN:—Oh, Godmother! Can I really have anything I wish for?

F. G.:—Anything you wish for, if you touch the wishing-stone.

ELLEN:—And can all the other girls, too?

F. G.:—Anybody who touches the wishing-stone.

ELLEN:—Thank you, dear Godmother! (Kisses her hand as she takes the stone.) And you will see what perfectly lovely things we shall wish for!

F. G.:—See that you do! See that you do! Take heed!

(Exit F. G. Children gather around Ellen.)

LIZZIE:—Oh, Ellen, what are you going to wish for?

ELLEN:—

I wish this house were made of gold,
And full of gold inside.
Then I would go where toys are sold,
And all my wants provide.
There's nothing ,nothing in the world
But that my go'd would buy—
French dolls with real hair that's curled
And dolls that talk and cry,
And piles and piles of other things;

And people would bow down
And say, "That little Mason girl's
The richest girl in town."

(Touches Stone.)

CHILDREN—Who's going to wish next?

LIZZIE:—Oh, please let me!
I want a party every day,
With lovely things to eat,
And lots and lots of games to play,
And flowers that smell so sweet,
And lots of rooms to wander through,
And nooks for hide-and-seek,
And fairy stories that come true
And last a whole long week.

(Touches Stone.)

EDNA:—May I wish next?
I wish for dresses of silk and lace
And velvet and satin, with veils for my face,
Gold watches and bracelets and beads and chains,
And silk umbrellas for when it rains,
And pearls and diamonds and other bright things
To set in my watches and pins and rings.

(Touches Stone.)

ALICE:—
I want a voice for singing so sweet and strong and high
That never any nightengale can sing as well as I;
Then every single place I go I shall be asked to sing,
And all who hear will clap and clap and clap like anything

(Touches Stone.)

RUTH:—
Oh, dear! I'd rather be a poet, writing things for books;
And everyone'd admire me so. I'd know it by their looks;
And how I'd love to see in print the things that I had writ
And hear the people talking of my wisdom and my wit!

Touches Stone.

SUSIE:—
I wish I could dance like a fairy
And never get tired at all.
I'd dance all day, like the sunshine,
All over the floor and wall;
And when people looked and wondered,
I'd dance on the ceiling, too,
And they all would look and wonder again,
And wouldn't know what to do.

(Susie touches the stone, and than dances. Ellen, Lizzie, Ruth and Edna sit down at the back of the stage in the middle, leaving space behind chairs for the Dream Fairy to pass around later.)

ELLEN:—
It's your turn to wish, Elsie.

ELSIE:—
What shall I wish for?

ELLEN:—
Whatever you want most of all.

ELSIE:—
I want a little pussy-cat,
All soft and warm and dear,
So tame and nice and cuddley
That I can hold her here.
She'll have some pretty yellow eyes
And whiskers very long.
And she will sing and sing to me
The dearest little song.

(Holds arms as if holding pussy, and hums "The song of the pussy-cat." The other children join in, drop, one or two at a time, into the tableau with the four sitting girls at the back, and fall asleep. Enter dream-fairy with wand, which she waves over the sleeping children as she passes around them, saying:)

DREAM FAIRY:—
Dream, dream, dream, dream,
Things are never what they seem.
Little humans, in your youth
See them as they are in truth.
Passing pleasures all are shallow—
Little candles made of tallow.
Real joys are like the sun,
Shedding light on everyone.
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

THE DREAM.

(The children dressed as old ladies in black or grey with white caps, aprons and spectacles, sewing.)

SUSIE:—Ah me! how dreary it is to be old! How long and lonesome the days are, and nothing pleasant to think about!

ALICE:—How true! I have been thinking today about our happy childhood, and wondering why we are all so unhappy now. I was thinking of Ellen's birthday party, and her fairy Godmother, and the wishing-stone. Do you remember?

ELSIE:—I remember! I was offered anything I wished for, and I wished for a pussy-cat!

LIZZIE:—It wasn't a very wise wish, was it? But then, you were not very big. And what didn't you suffer because of that animal! She killed your canary, and she caught all the gold fish, and she stole the cream. Finally she began catching the neighbors' chickens, and then she herself came to a sad

end. I remember we had thirteen funerals under the grape-vine because of that cat.

RUTH:—Yes, my dear, even you made a wiser choice than Elsie did.

LIZZIE:—I! Why, I could think of nothing better to wish for than parties! And how I enjoyed them for the first few days! Then I began to get tired, but they never stopped. Then I grew cross and naughty, and had to be punished, and cried myself to sleep every night. Then my eyes were so red and swollen that I looked like a fright; and I grew so tired of games that I wouldn't play, and nobody liked me. Then eating so many good things made me sick, and I was very unhappy. Finally I borrowed Ellen's stone and wished never to go to a party again as long as I live: and it was a far better wish then the first one!

SUSIE:—And I wanted to do nothing but dance! Well I **did** dance and dance and dance. But now I have rheumatism and can't dance any more, and all I can do is to sit and wonder when dinner will be ready. But Alice chose wisely.

ALICE:—A voice—to be used in showing off? Of course, it would not have been so bad if I had used it differently.

RUTH:—I know what you mean, for I made the same mistake. I chose a good gift, but I used it just to make myself famous, and it was a failure. Edna, at least, had something to **show** for her wish. She used to look lovely in her pretty clothes.

EDNA:—Did I? Well, I **wasn't** lovely. I didn't love a single person except myself, nor a single thing except my clothes. And as I grew older, they didn't even make me **look** lovely. I stopped wearing them because my own little grand daughter asked me if I didn't think I would look more **grandmothery** if I didn't wear so many shiny things! Dear child! If I had only made Ellen's wish I would have been able to give her more advantages.

ELLEN:—A wish for gold? Don't think it! I thought gold would buy anything in the world, and it has never bought me anything of value. It made me worldly, and it made my children vain and over-bearing and extravagant; and if they don't waste it all, it will spoil my grandchildren. My only real happiness is found in the love of my few real friends: and this was not bought with gold. I do believe Elsie's kittie gave her more happiness than the gold gave me.

EDNA:—It looks as if the wishing-stone were a failure, doesn't it?

ALICE:—It **was** a failure; but mightn't it have been a success if we had wished differently?

ELLEN:—I wonder.

LIZZIE:—Why, what was it that the fairy Godmother said at the time?

"You who to happiness aspire,
Must start your lives with right desire."

SUSIE:—What a pity that we did not all take heed!

ALL:—(Singing)

Our hearts are cold and sad and weary,
We're old, and our lives are very dreary.
We did no good in the sunny past.
The joys we chose, they did not last,
They did not last!
And our lives are sad and weary,
And our lives are very dreary!

(Curtain.)

ACT III

THREE GOOD WISHES.

(Children asleep, as at the end of Act 1. Enter Mother.)

MOTHER:—Why, children, are you all asleep? Wake up, Ellen. For shame—to let your little guests have such a dull time that they all fall asleep! Couldn't you think of a nice game?

(Children sit up and rub their eyes.)

RUTH:—It wasn't that, Mrs. Mason, but Elsie was making believe that her pussy was purring, and it made us all sleepy.

(Children rise.)

ELLEN:—And I dreamed the queerest dream, mother! I dreamed that we were all old, old women.

CHILDREN:—Why, so did I!

MOTHER:—Strange—that you all dreamed the same thing!

ELLEN:—And I dreamed that none of the things we wished for made us happy.

MOTHER:—That is not so strange.

ELLEN:—Why, mother, didn't you think those things are good to have?

MOTHER:—I knew they wouldn't last, and I doubted if they would make you happy.

ELLEN:—What things do last, Mother?

MOTHER:—Why, such things as—

FAIRY:— (Behind the curtain)

Love that is merciful, hearts that are pure,
Joyful self-giving shall ever endure;
Service and worship in spirit and truth—
These are the blessings for age and for youth.

CHILDREN:—What was that?

LIZZIE:—Oh, I think it was a fairy! I wish she would sing it again so we could learn it! (Song repeated twice. The second time the children join in.)

ELLEN:—If that is true, our first wishes weren't any good. Here is the stone, girls. Let's wish things back as they were, so we can begin over again.

(The girls form a circle and march around Ellen, each touching the stone as they pass, and all singing—)

ALL:—

Silks and satins and jewels and gold,
Pussies and parties and wealth untold,
Pomps and vanities, empty fame,
We wish you out of our wishing-game.

ELLEN:—There, girls! Now let us make a good, worth-while wish, all together. What shall it be?

LIZZIE:—Why not make the fairy song into a wish?

Love that is merciful, hearts that are pure,
Joyful self-giving shall ever endure.
Service and worship in spirit and truth—
We wish for these blessings in age and in youth.

(All march around, singing it, and each touches the stone.)

ALICE:—I like to wish. Let's wish some more things. (Alice sings any child's hymn, in form of a prayer.)

SUSIE:—I've thought of a wish, too:

If anyone in sadness be
And need a smile, dear Lord, send me.
If any be in want or need,
Send me to give them help indeed.
If any seek the Father's face,
Send me to help them with Thy grace.
If anybody know not Thee,
At home or over land and sea,
Send me, dear Lord, send me! Send me!

CHILDREN:—Say it again!

(Susie repeats it, and the children join in the last half of the second line, and the whole of the 4th, 6th and last lines.)

ELLEN:—Oh, girls, we have found the right wishes! I know they would please the fairy Godmother. But I feel like doing something to help make them come true—don't you?

EDNA:—Well, we can all try, and then we can talk about it again when we meet at my party.

(ALL SING:)

Bright little sunbeams, Lord, let us be,
Shining afar o'er land and sea;
Shedding our light about us, so
It shall be brighter where we go.
Far in the land of darkest night,
May our light make it bright,
Leading Thy children all to see
And to follow Thee.

(Curtain)

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

THE CALL.

(Children assembled at Edna's party, playing a game. Enter Ruth and Alice, with older sisters).

EDNA:—How do you do, girls? I'm glad to see you.

RUTH:—Alice and I brought our big sisters, Edna. Do you know them? This is Rose, and this is Louise.

ALICE:—And this is my sister Esther.

EDNA:—I am glad to see you all.

ESTHER:—Mother thought that perhaps we could help with the serving, you are giving such a large party.

EDNA:—Yes, indeed! Mother will be glad to have your help.

RUTH:—I'm sorry we are so late. What have you been playing?

SUSIE:—Drop the handkerchief. Come on, let's play it again.

ELLEN:—Oh, let's not play just now. Let's talk about how to make our wishes come true.

(All sit down.)

ALICE:—Oh, let's! I haven't thought of a single thing to do except smile. I smile and smile and smile and smile, until I'm smiling all the while. Do tell me something else that I can do.

EDNA:—Of course we all help our mothers and try to be kind to our friends; but there seems to be nothing that we can do for our neighbors farther away—nothing that would really make much difference.

RUTH:—Girls, I've thought of something! We made our wishes all together. Now, why can't we undertake some worth-while thing and do it all together? Then we could do something big enough to matter.

OTHERS:—Good! What shall we do?

ELLEN:—That's just it. If we could only think!

(Enter Fairy Godmother.)

F. G.:—The wish is father of the thought,
The thought is mother of the deed.
Now look and listen as you ought.
Take heed! Take heed! Take heed!

(Waves wand. Curtain.)

SCENE 2.

(Children still sitting in the back-ground. F. G. standing near. Trained nurse standing. Enter Chinese girl.)

CHINESE GIRL:—

My dear little brother is very sick,—
It is this I have come to tell.
We took him off to the wooden god,
But he could not make him well.
If we bring him here to your hospital bed,
Will you drive the bad spirit away
And cure his sickness and ease his pain,
And make him well some day?

NURSE:—Alas, dear child, it is hard indeed

To refuse the thing you ask.
To care for the sick and the suffering
Is our God-appointed task;
But our beds are full and our nurses few,
And no money comes for more.
We cannot take more patients in—
We must turn them from our door.

CHINESE GIRL:— (Weeping) Poor little brother! (Exit.) (F. G. waves wand. Curtain)

SCENE 3.

(Children in back-ground. Missionary dressed as deaconess, sitting by a table. Enter one or more little slaves from India. Deaconess rises as she answers, and stands near them.)

SLAVE GIRL:—
We're only poor little run-away slaves;
But our master beats us so
That we cannot stay with him any more,
And we have no place to go.
Is there room for us in your orphanage.
Dear Missionary friend.?
Will you take us and teach us what you know,
And make us good in the end?

DEACONESS:—Our orphanage, dear little girls,
Is full as it can be.
There's not a corner anywhere
Where we can shelter thee.
When money from the church at home
Is sent across the sea,
Then we can build and make more room,
And you shall welcome be.

SLAVE GIRLS:— (Weeping) But what shall we do now?
(Exit slave girls F. G. waves wand. Curtain)

SCENE 4.

(Children in back-ground. Missionary teacher writing at a table. Enter Japanese girl, who comes close to the teacher. Teacher puts her arm around her.)

JAPANESE GIRL:—
Dear teacher, you made me a Christian
And taught me how I must live.
I have learned to read the Bible and pray
And love and serve and give;
But my father and mother and sisters and brothers,
And all of my friends and a great many others
At home in the province from which I came.
Do none of them trust in the blessed Name.
Dear Teacher, please beg our good Bishop to send
A kind missionary to be their friend,
And tell them the truth that will make them glad,
And cheer the hearts that are heavy and sad.

TEACHER:—
Our Bishop, dear child, does constantly pray
That the Board of Missions may see a way
To send enough money and send enough men.
He will have them in every province then;
But the people at home in my native land
Are slow to give—they do not understand.
And so the Bishop must wait and wait
And pray that help may not come too late
To save the souls that he longs to win,
And gather the goodly harvest in.

JAPANESE GIRL:—(Weeping) I hope it will not be too late to save father and mother! (Bows her head on the teacher's shoulder, and children sing:)

Hear them weeping, Hear them sobbing,
All the world around;
Hear them calling, calling, calling,—
'Tis a doleful sound—
"Come and heal us, come and teach us,
Come and set us free."
Night and morn and all day long
I hear them calling me.

(F. G. waves wand. Curtain.)

SCENE 5.

(Girls seated as before, without the Fairy Godmother.)

ALICE:—Girls, I can never be happy again unless I can think of a way to help those poor little girls!

RUTH:—Neither can I!

LOUISE:—Why, girls, why can't you have a Junior Auxiliary?. My cousin Agnes belongs to one in the town where she lives. I've heard her talk about it, but I never thought much about it before.

ESTHER:—Yes, they have one in Buffalo, where I used to live.

LIZZIE:—What do they do?

LOUISE:—Oh, they sew for a missionary box, and give money for missions; and sometimes they have a sale or a play to earn money.

RUTH:—Oh, let's do it! We could send some of our money to help those poor little girls!

CHILDREN:—Oh, let's!

ALICE:—Yes, let's start it right away. Our Sunday School teacher will help us. Then if the fairy Godmother comes to my party next spring we can tell her what we have done.

CHILDREN:—So we can!

ROSE:—And we older girls will find a way to help, too.

LIZZIE:—Oh, I'm so glad our wishes are going to come true!

OTHERS:—So am I!

ELSIE:—Isn't it time now for the ice cream and cake?

EDNA:—Yes, Mother says we're to come into the dining room now.

ELSIE:—Oh, goody!

(Exit all. Curtain.)

ACT V.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S WISH.

(Children assembled at Alice's party, playing "Ring around the rosy," or some other game. Enter Miss Grace.)

MISS GRACE:—How do you do, children?

LIZZIE, SUSIE AND EDNA:—Oh, here is Miss Grace!

(All flock around her.)

ALICE:—I'm glad you have come, Miss Grace.

RUTH, ELLEN AND SUSIE:—Oh, Miss Grace, we're so glad you have come!

ALICE:—Do you think the fairy Godmother will come, Miss Grace?

MISS GRACE:—Yes, indeed, I'm sure she will!

LIZZIE:—What makes you sure, Miss Grace?

MISS G.:—I know she could not resist the wishes of such earnest little workers as you!

RUTH:—Shall we tell her what we have done, Miss Grace, or would it be boasting?

MISS G.:—Tell her all about it. It will not be boasting, because it is her work as well as yours. She gave you the wishing-stone, you know.

ELLEN:—Of course! We mustn't forget that it was the wishing-stone that made our wishes all come true. I wish she would hurry and come.

(Enter F. G.)

SUSIE:—Why, here is your wish come true, and you didn't touch the wishing-stone!

F. G.:—Wishes get a habit of coming true, little girl, when you have wished three good wishes with the wishing-stone.

ELLEN:—Oh, dear Godmother, we do love you so for your beautiful gift! It has made us all so happy!

F. G.:—H'm! It has, has it? It didn't make you very happy after your first foolish wishes, did it?

RUTH:—No, but that was our own fault.

F. G.:—Then the wishing-stone alone didn't make you happy?

EDNA:—Oh, of course we had to use it wisely.

ALICE:—And we had to have Miss Grace to show us how.

F. G.:—Who's Miss Grace?

ALICE:—Excuse me, Godmother! This is Miss Grace, our Sunday School teacher, who helped us start our Junior Branch. Miss Grace taught us all we know about our sisters far away, and showed us how to do everything that we did.

F. G.:—You're lucky girls to have her. I might have a Junior Branch in every parish, if every parish only had a Miss Grace.

SUSIE:—See, Miss Grace, the fairy Godmother likes you!

F. G.:—Now, Children, what have you done beside learn about your sisters far away?

ELLEN:—Well, Godmother, after we had learned about them, we felt so sorry for them that we prayed the good Father every day that He would send them help and comfort, and that He would let us help.

F. G.:—Good! But I hope you didn't stop with that.

ALICE:—No, indeed! Miss Grace brought a United Offering box, and we put pennies in it as often as we could, as a thank-offering because we are happy Christian girls.

F. G.:—Good! Anything else?

LIZZIE:—Yes, we made some clothes for the little black babies down South, and then we dressed dolls for the Indian girls' Christmas tree. Oh, it was such fun!

RUTH:—Oh, but we haven't told you about the big girls' branch. What do you call it?

ESTHER:—The Intermediates.

RUTH:—Oh, yes! Intermediates. Why do you call it Intermediates, I wonder?

ESTHER:—Why, there were the Juniors, and then there was the Woman's Auxiliary that our mothers belong to. We weren't quite old enough yet to do what our mothers are doing, and yet we were older than our sisters. So we started a branch for ourselves.

F. G.:—Good! How we are growing!

LIZZIE:—Yes, Godmother, it was very good for us, they helped us so much with our scholarships: Let's tell her about our scholarships, girls.

ALL:—

We Juniors have some scholarships
  That we ourselves support.
You'll find them in our History
  And in each year's report;
But just to fix them in the mind
  We've put them into rhyme,
So we can learn them all by heart
  And say them any time.

RUTH:—Let's let the Intermediates tell what they are, they understand so much better.

ESTHER:—The Sybil Carter Scholarship
Began in Ninety-one.
(To honor one who loved the work
This helpful deed was done.)
It educates a bright young girl
In China, far away.
At Wuchang, in St. Hilda's School,
Where pupils have to pay.

ROSE:—In Ninety-five, Miss Mary Hart,
So dear to you and me
Because, back in the early days,
She helped our branch to be,
Was honored by a scholarship—
St. Agnes' School, Japan.
When needy girls would go to school,
We help them all we can.

ESTHER:—There was another scholarship
Proposed that very day.
We loved our blessed Bishop Coxe
Who since has passed away;
And so we send an Indian School
Some money, every year.
It's in Shoshone, Wyoming,
That we have this work so dear.

ROSE:—In Nineteen-one a pledge was made
To help a school for girls
Who live far off in Africa,
With jet-black eyes and curls.
"The Helen Halsey Scholarship"
'Twas named, for one who knew
And loved our own dear Junior work,
And tried to help it, too.

ESTHER:—And then there is the scholarship
Of Miss Amelia Wright.
She helped Miss Hart to start our branch
And worked with all her might.
In Raleigh, St. Augustine's School,
This scholarship we find,
Where colored pupils go, to train
The body and the mind.

LOUISE:—And last of all, our Treasurer
For twenty busy years,
Whose long accounts were quite correct,
As on the book appears,
Was shown our love and gratitude.
Alaska, far away,
The Effie Potter Scholarship
Will bless for many a day.

ALL:—So this is how we try to help
A little everywhere.
We give to every place we can
Our money and a prayer;
And every day we're learning more
Of needs that we can meet,
And so we're working all the time,
And find the labor sweet.

F. G.:—Girls, you have made me very happy. Where is the girl who said the wishing-stone was a failure?

ALICE:—Oh, Godmother, that was because we didn't make the right wishes!

ROSE:—I know a woman who says it's no use wishing, any way. She says "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride."

F. G.:—Does she touch the wishing-stone when she wishes?

ROSE:—Oh, dear, no! She's much too old and wise!

F. G.:—When she and others like her have learned to touch the wishing-stone, the beggars will all ride—or, rather, perhaps there won't be any beggars. Now, girls, I want you all to wish one more wish with me, and then I can trust you to go on working out happiness to the end of your days; but always remember to take heed what you wish, and never, never lose the wishing-stone.

(All sing:—)

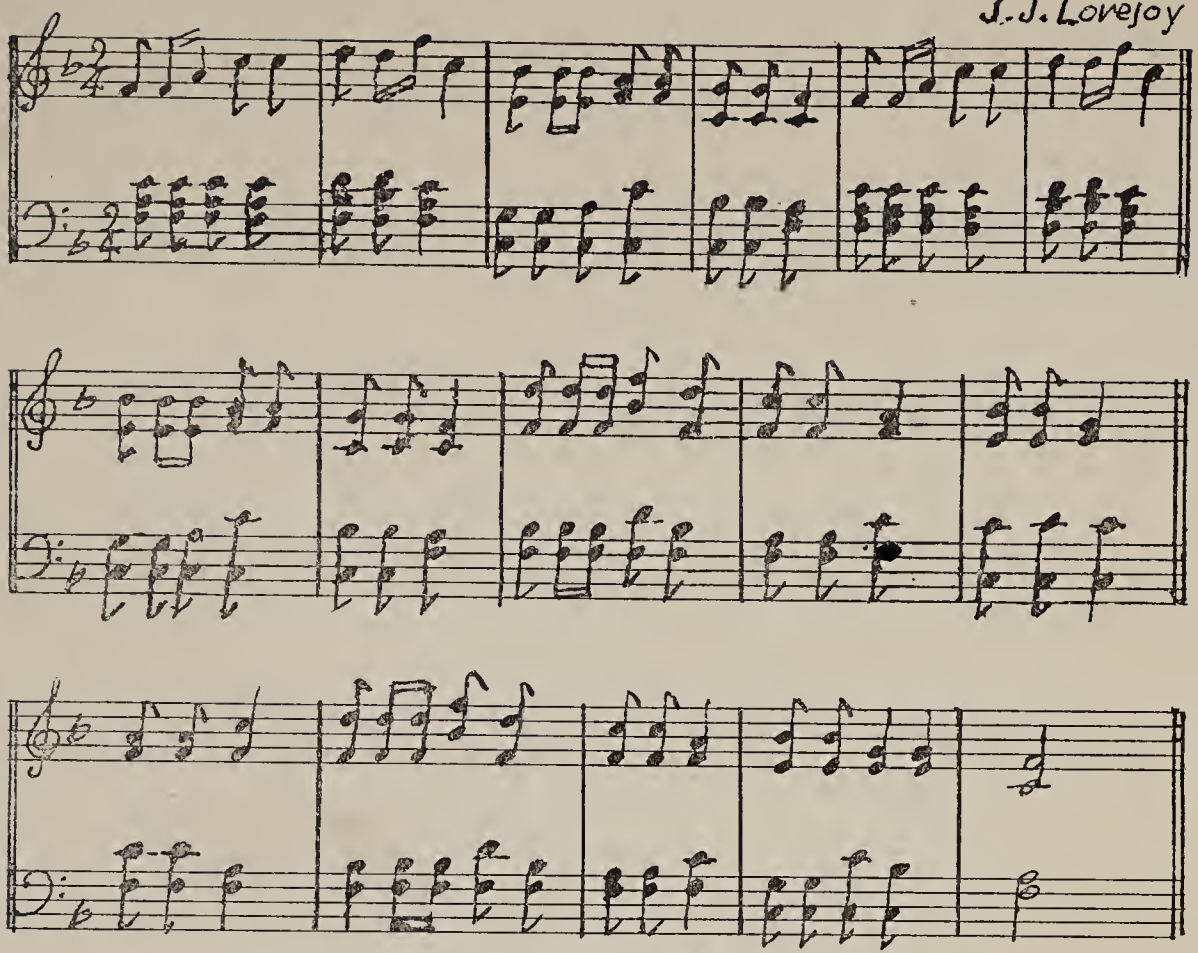
I wish that everybody in the big wide world
Would wish with the wishing-stone;
I wish that everybody had a big wise wish
That he made his very own;
I wish that all together we could wish a wish
That would make this old world new—
A wish for the East and a wish for the West
And a wish for me and you.

Then no child should suffer hunger for the food he lacked,
And none should suffer cold;
Then none should be neglected by the church at home,
Were he sick or young or old;
But the world should be so busy and so full of light
And so full of love and cheer.
That the East and the West and the North and the South
Should be a heaven here.

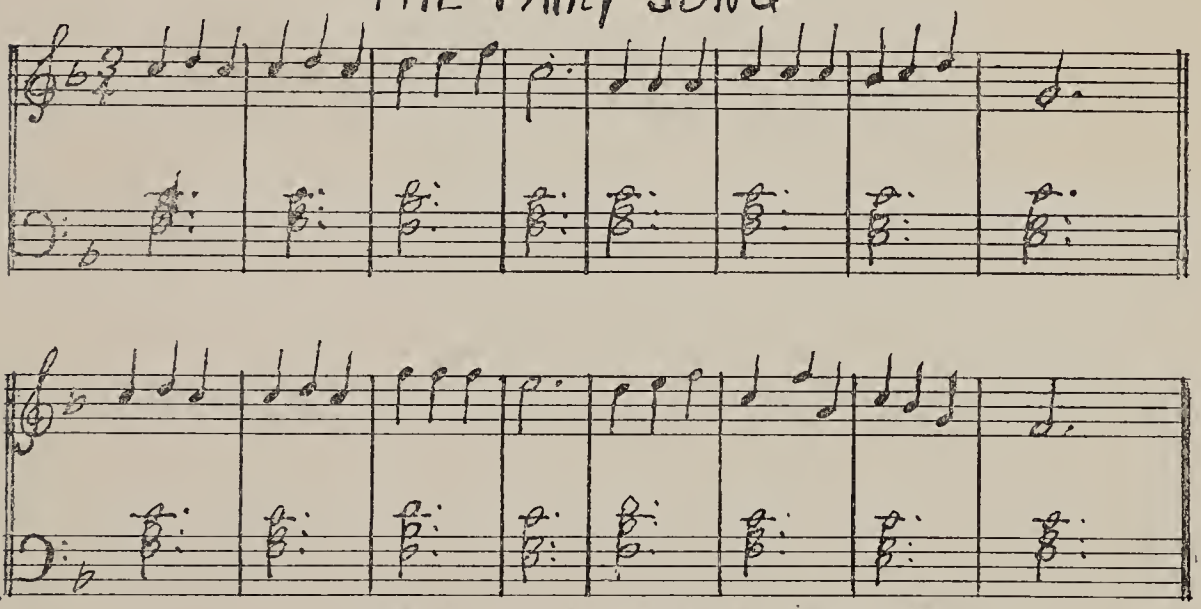
(Curtain.)

BRIGHT LITTLE SUNBEAMS

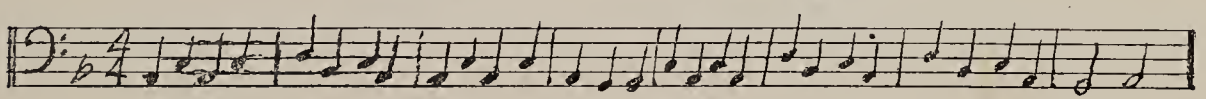
J. J. Lovejoy



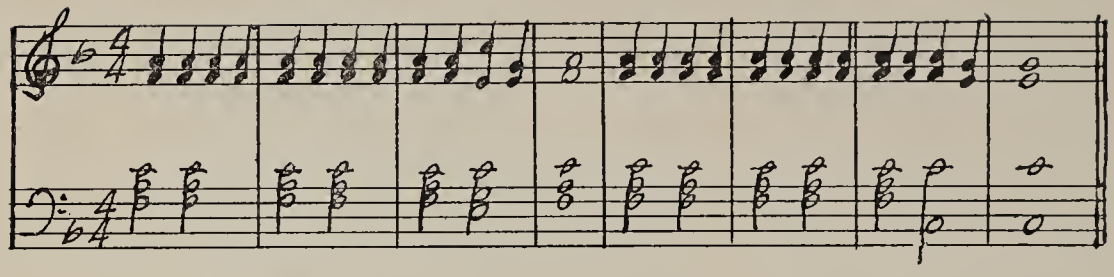
THE FAIRY SONG

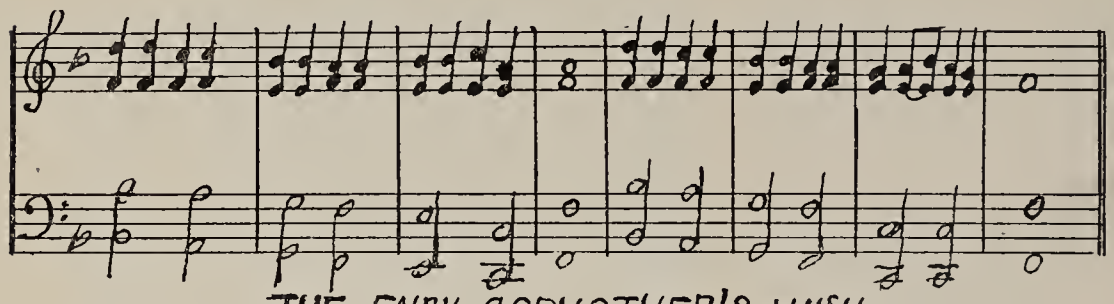
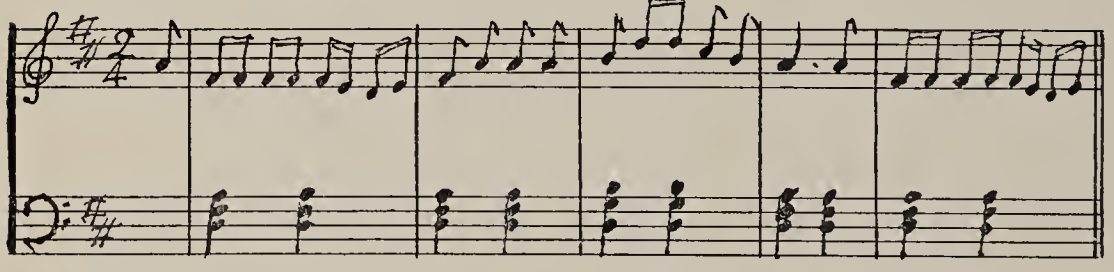
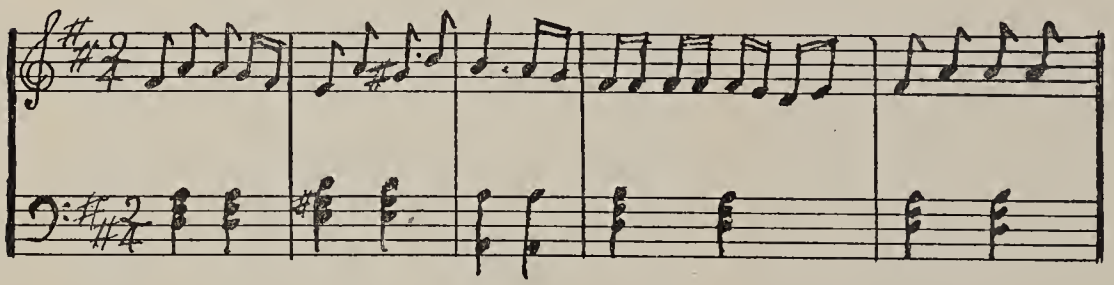
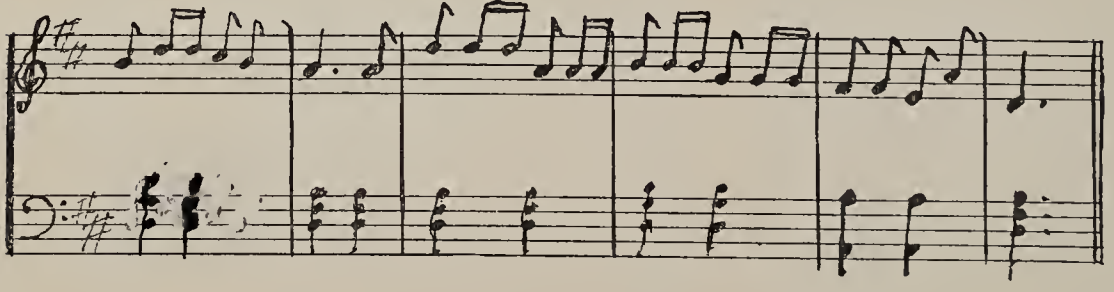


SONG OF THE PUSSY CAT



HEAR THEM WEEPING





THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S WISH